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# The Mirror

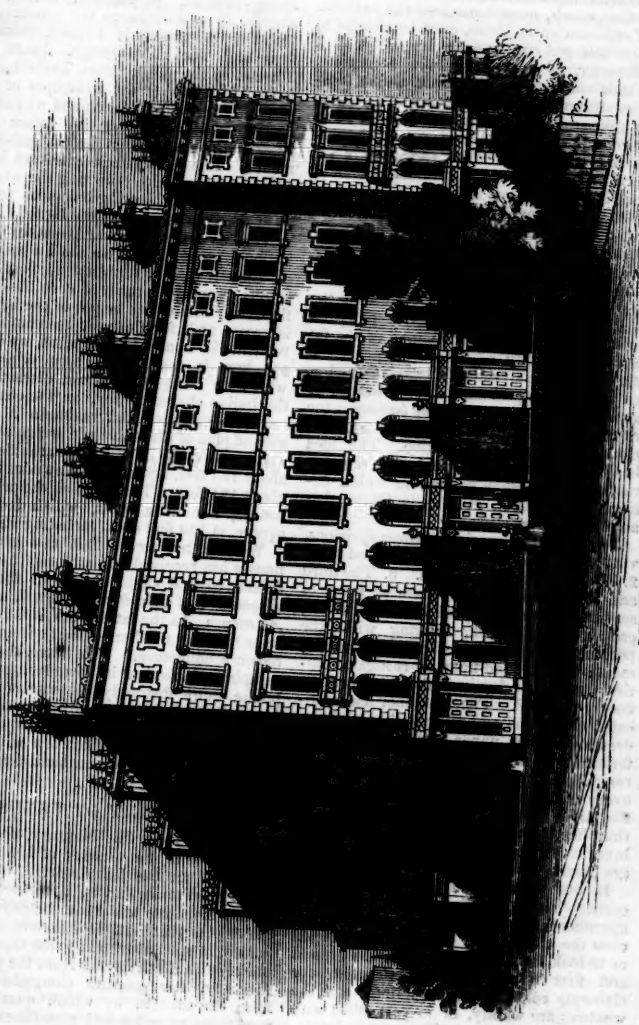
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1054.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841.

[PRICE 2d.]



LOWNDES SQUARE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

## LOWNDES SQUARE,

## KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

It disposed to indulge in a reverie on the theory of taste, and the association of the arts with the age itself, we should say that English Queens have brought with them a revival of style in architecture, as well as of luxuriant and tasteful splendour. The Elizabethan epoch, notwithstanding the severity of criticism on its abuse, must be allowed to have stamped our "proper homes" with a character, of form, style, and decoration, which still, after many generations, possesses elaborate richness and beauty; and this is alike attested by our ancient country and town mansions of other days, and the numerous *renaissances* which spring up in our own days, in the embellishment of "still vast increasing London." Of this march of taste, the annexed Engraving presents a superb exemplar; although it bears more strongly the Continental features than may accord with the style, in every-day parlance, termed "Elizabethan." The illustration shews a pile of building forming the south end of Lowndes Square, Knightsbridge, close to Hyde Park, and in the fashionable locality of Belgrave Square. It may be more conveniently characterized as an Italian composition of seven houses, so arranged as to appear but one building: the entrances requisite for different occupation alone marking the distinction. The idea has been to give to the whole pile the character of an Italian palace; in which design, the architect, Mr. Lewis Cubitt, has admirably succeeded.

The elevation consists of three divisions, viz., 1. The basement story and ground floor. 2. The first and second pairs. 3. The third and fourth pairs. The basement story of servants' offices is retired behind a strong grille of iron-work, ranging with the porches, and of new design and arrangement: the ground floor is rusticated entirely, or in quoins, and the windows are deeply recessed. The first floor has rusticated quoins and arches, and other window-dressings. The upper stories have a different style of window-dressing on each range. It should also be observed that every window above the ground floor is of the kind technically termed "French:" thus helping to carry out a freshness and luxuriant style, particularly where balconies are placed.

In our inspection of the interior of the corner house, we found throughout the apartments a richness of decoration, which even the embellished exterior had not led us to look for. The ceilings of the ground and first floor are richly wrought, for elaborate colouring and gilding; and the windows are wholly, or in part, filled with brilliant stained glass. The principal stair-

case possesses many novelties, and is in good keeping. One of Rossi's compositions gives life to the wall; and ranges of arcades, story above story, admit light and air from a horizontal glazed roof to the passages or corridors of sixteen bed-rooms, closets, &c.

On returning to the exterior of this palatial pile, we were much struck with the attention paid to the chimney-shafts, by string-courses, projections, covers, and shields, so as to remove the general complaint of the unsightly London chimney-tops and flues: Vanbrugh, Jones, and Thorpe, in the olden times, knew how to make chimneys ("the windpipes of hospitality") agreeable objects; and why should not the architects of our day follow these great architects in this useful embellishment? The next effective feature is the bold Tuscan cornice crowning the whole of the walls: the projecting balconies remind us of the houses flanking the Grand Canale at Venice; and at the south-eastern termination is an archway from the Palais Spada of Rome, with a terminal supported by scrolls, bearing a wreath of corn, fruit, and flowers. The entire height of the building is great; and, for the vast accommodation requisite in houses of this class, we do not see how it could have been otherwise: whilst its loftiness does not detract from the Italian character, but, on the contrary, tends to establish and maintain it. The ground plan of the whole pile presents nearly a right angle; the Lowndes Square side being about 133 feet, and that in Lowndes Street, about 131 feet. The depth of the principal houses, five in number, which front the square, is 100 feet each, including stables.

We are not aware that this group of houses has received any attention from criticism, beyond slight notices in the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, and the *Athenæum*. In the latter work, it is referred to as "among our handsomest specimens of recent architecture." We have, therefore, especial satisfaction in introducing to the public more distinctly the merits of Mr. Lewis Cubitt's designs, and in commending the taste and judgment he has displayed in working out a style which few will touch, although most persons enthusiastically admire.

## THE LIGHT OF VENUS.

VENUS, although like Mercury, she never appears but in that quarter of the heavens which the sun has just deserted, or where he is about to appear, is, nevertheless, one of the brightest and most beautiful of all the objects visible in the heavens, ranking, indeed, in splendour next to the moon itself. She recedes much further from the sun than Mercury, her greatest elongation being from 45° to 47°; by which quantity she sometimes precedes and sometimes follows

him, being from three to four hours visible in the morning before him, or in the evening after him. The star which thus appeared at one time before the sun in the east, and at another time after him in the west, the ancients imagined to be, not one star, but two stars; they called it, when a morning star, *Lucifer*, or *Phosphorus*, the star that brings with it the daylight:

"Phosphore redde diem"—*Martial* :

and the evening star they called *Hesperus*.

The brightness of Venus, as seen from the earth, depends upon two causes: first, upon the shortness of her distance from the earth; and, secondly, upon the greater or less magnitude of that portion of her enlightened hemisphere which is turned towards it. These two causes conspire to render her brightness the greatest twice in each synodic revolution; when her elongation is about  $40^\circ$ . She may then be seen in broad daylight. The appearance of Venus through the telescope is exceedingly beautiful: when brightest, she presents at one time to the eye a small, but beautifully defined and bright crescent; at another, she is a half-moon in miniature; and then she becomes gibbous, until, when about to present the appearance of a full orb and a completed disc, she is lost in the sun's rays. Her disc is, for the most part, of unsullied whiteness: spots have, nevertheless, occasionally been seen; and, from what is believed to be a motion of these, she is asserted to turn round an axis inclined at an angle of  $18^\circ$  to the plane of her orbit, in a period of  $23^h 21' 7''$ . Moreover, it is asserted that certain appearances have been observed about the horns of this planet, indicating the existence of mountains of very great height, four times as high as the mountains on the earth's surface.

It is a very probable hypothesis, that the spots which are seen occasionally to float, as it were, in the dazzling brightness of this planet's disc, are, in reality, clouds, buoyed up in a dense atmosphere surrounding the planet, as our atmosphere does our earth; and that, in reality, the light by which we see this planet is not reflected by its solid mass, but by its atmosphere; so that, when we look at it, we see not the planet, but only the air that surrounds it, and in which float clouds serving to break the intense glare of its sunshine.

In favourable circumstances, Venus may be observed to cast a pretty strong shadow. It must be thrown upon a white ground. An opened window in a whitewashed room is the best exposure; in which situation, Sir John Herschel has observed not only the shadow, but the diffracted fringes edging its outline.

The diameter of Venus is nearly equal to that of our earth, and in volume she is

only one-ninth less than it. Her mean distance from the sun is about five-sevenths that of our earth; and she receives twice as much light and heat as our earth from him.

Venus is very favourably situated for observation this year, being remarkably splendid in the west in the evening.

## FLOWERS IN GREECE.

BACCHUS was held by the Grecians as the god of flowers as well as of trees and the vine: he dwelt sometimes in Phyllis, the land of flowers, sometimes on the rose-decked Pangaon, occasionally in the rose-gardens of Macedonia and Thrace; and was called, therefore, *Anthios*, the flowery. Before he had flowers, ivy circled his head. Venus crowned him when he returned from India. He took the chaplet that *Ariadne* in *Naxos* had woven from the *Thesæion*; and walking beneath the sky at night, threw it up to the stars, where it yet shines forth.

The gods first made use of flowers in the form of a coronet; and Zeus himself was crowned by the other deities, after the war with the Titans. At first, therefore, flowers and chaplets were the exclusive decorations of the sacred statues, priests, sacrificers, and sacrificed; they even served as an offering.

In later times, heroes and meritorious persons were crowned, independently of the service of the altar: the victors in their names received coronets of flowers, and these sweet decorations soon formed a part of the jovial and intellectual feasts of antiquity.

Lovers hung their chaplets at the doors of the chosen ones; crowned with flowers, the plighted pair stood before the altar; crowns of flowers decorated the portals of the newly-married couple; crowned with flowers, the soldier advanced to battle; crowned with flowers, the conquerors returned.

Most of these customs remain to Europeans in the present day: our churches are adorned with flowers and coronals. Flowers are the first offerings of love; flowers give life to the wedding, the birthday, and the feast; flowers are the last gifts that are strewn upon our graves.—*Dr. Fiedler's Journey through Greece.\**

## THE DESERTERS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

BY THEODORE B. FAY.

IN THREE PARTS—PART THE SECOND.

It was late at night: the two old soldiers were alone.

\* Foreign Quarterly Review, No. LII.

"How much money have you got?" said Adolph.

"Not ten groschen. What have you?"

"Not a *dreier*."

"*Der teufel!* what is that shining on the ground?"

"A purse!"

"Let us see."

They stooped and picked up what, true enough, was a purse, partly open, with several thalers—a handful of small change fallen a little out. On examination, it proved that the other end of the purse was more carefully tied, and there were found ten Louis d'ors in gold. The two men stood confounded. There is always something dazzling and like enchantment in *finding* anything. In beholding, amid the grass, glittering gold and silver pieces, as if they had grown there; but to these poor men, at this moment when, in the minds of both, an idea had started up of escape to the homes where their presence was so necessary, and which could only be carried into execution with money, which they were without—for these men to behold, in the star-beams, the shining of enough money, not only to put their escape immediately within their reach, but to supply the wants of their families into the bargain, and make them comparatively happy, this was indeed like magic. It seemed sent from heaven itself; it said, as plainly as anything could say, "Go! home with you, to your poor families! It is the will of Providence!"

"In the first place," said Adolph, "let us divide."

They sat down beneath the shadow of a tree and made an exact partition. There were just seven Louis d'ors and a half for each.

"I would not," said Karl, "if I thought we could ever find the owner."

"Nor I," said Adolph; "I am no thief."

"But," rejoined Karl, "to-morrow comes the battle. We shall all be blown into the air—the owner of this purse as well as you and I. Little imports it who has the cash. If we are killed—so. It will be—as it was where we found it—at the hazard of chance again. If we are not killed—why, probably, he who lost it will be. So where's the harm?"

"Karl!" cried Adolph—"suppose one of us should be killed and the other not?"

"Then let us swear that the survivor shall take his friend's share to the orphans."

"I swear it!"

"And I!"

"But suppose neither survives."

"Ah hah! that's different."

"Our children."

Karl paused.

"Why, they will starve—break their hearts—worse."

"There is not any one here that we would trust to deliver these pieces, I suppose."

"No, certainly not!"

"Karl!" said Adolph, looking cautiously round.

"What!" whispered Karl in the same tone.

"To-morrow the Prussian army will not exist."

"I know that perfectly," said Karl.

"You and I have smelled too much powder to be afraid of that," continued Adolph; "but why should we tie ourselves to the wheels of a madman who is driving off a precipice!"

"Yes. Why, indeed!" said Karl.

"If we lie quietly beneath one of those old windmills yonder till this time to-morrow we shall commit no crime, and be free to go where we please."

"Ah, my poor children!"

"This letter!"

"Give me your hand."

"There, my boy!"

"All is quiet."

"Good—"

"We'll do it, then!"

"Farewell, Torgau!"

"Adieu, old Fritz!"

And the two veterans, with beating hearts and stealthy pace, crept away along the shadows, stole past one group after another, glided unseen by more than one sentinel, and at length, fairly disentangled from the mass of armed soldiers, and just escaped to the solitary open plain, they breathed freely, quickened their pace from walking to running, and were just about to fall into each other's arms in a spirit of triumph and mutual congratulation, when a voice suddenly and in a sharp stern tone cried:

"*Halt! Wer da? Who goes there?*"

The tone of command was irresistible. Both the fugitives stopped, and the blood in their veins grew cold. But they did not reply.

"Who goes there?" demanded the voice again.

Karl and Adolph cocked their muskets.

"Let us pass quietly," said Karl, "and we harm you not; stop us, and we fire."

"Ah ha!" exclaimed the stranger, stepping close up to the muzzles. "Deserters! down with your arms this moment!"

A double blow of the sword struck down the points of their weapons, which indeed would have fallen of themselves, when, in the *kanonen-stiefeln*, or high boots, in the blue and red coat, large cocked hat and queue, they recognised **THE KING!**

"Who are you?" cried Frederick, his piercing blue eyes darting the fire of fury and contempt.

"Wretches, sire!"

"What! at this time? On the eve of battle, when the country requires every hand, every drop of blood, to steal off, like

thieves and robbers, in the night, leaving your brave companions to die? Cowards! down with your muskets!"

The two conscience-stricken deserters looked at each other, and obeyed.

"Follow me!"

They did so.

The monarch strided rapidly on till he came to the advanced guard. He then delivered them into custody, and proceeded on the spot to question them himself.

"What are your names?"

"Karl Schultz."

"And yours?"

"Adolph Arnot."

"You belong to the regiment of General Moellendorf?"

"Yes, sire."

"You were in the act of deserting when I met you?"

"We were, sire."

"You confess?"

"We do, sire."

The aide-de-camp, who had followed at a distance unperceived, had now approached, and at the same moment a patrol of three men, with an officer at their head, appeared.

"Colonel Kaunitz," said the king to his aide, "these two rascals, whom I caught in the act of desertion, confess their guilt. They can expect, they can ask for, no mercy. Conduct them with the patrol to the first guard, and communicate to the commanding officer my order that they be shot within half an hour."

The aide bowed; the men were marched off. The monarch saw the melancholy party drawn up promptly in military array, and the heavy quick tramp of their feet grew more indistinct in the distance, before he took his flashing eyes off the forms of the two poor fellows thus suddenly thrust upon the tremendous brink of eternity, and who, although to our ideas worthy of commiseration, appeared to the judgment of this consummate general and severe disciplinarian guilty of the most dangerous and basest crime within reach of the soldier.

Colonel Kaunitz presently returned.

"Sire, the two poor fellows have been prepared, and the execution will take place immediately; but—"

"But?"

"Colonel Moellendorf has desired me to present to your majesty these two letters found upon them, thinking, perhaps, that—"

"Go on, sir."

"That possibly your majesty might like to read them."

"What are they?"

The officer read them both aloud.

"Pray what may be the intention of the Colonel Moellendorf in presenting to me these two letters?" demanded the king.

"Sire!"

"The fellows are guilty."

"Yes, sire, they confess their guilt. Of that there is no doubt."

"And at this time—to-morrow to decide the fate of my kingdom—and—"

"The character of these poor fellows, Colonel Moellendorf requested me to say, is so excellent; they have fought so long and so bravely in your majesty's service; they are so universally beloved in the regiment; they have always been at the head of every onset. Two stouter hearts and stronger arms do not exist in the army."

"The Colonel Moellendorf would not, I presume, offer me the absurd counsel to pardon these culprits?"

"He desired me to represent to your majesty that a feeling of—of—"

"Go on, sir."

"A coldness appears to have fallen upon the men, which it would be politic, if possible, not to increase."

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur le Colonel! What is it he wishes?"

"He authorized me to use his name in communicating to your majesty the fact that there is generally among the inferior officers, as well as among the men, a sentiment unfavourable to risking an action to-morrow, in the present relative state of our forces. At least if your majesty should, in your majesty's wiser judgment, to which we have always and ever will defer, he thinks it would have a good effect to"—

"Pardon these men!"

"Even so, sire."

"I will not do so, Monsieur le Colonel. I will not do it. I am quite determined. It would be the way to turn my men into boys and women. If a soldier deserts, he must die!"

The aide remained silent, and as his monarch walked with him rapidly on, they had arrived, before they were aware of it, upon the scene of action. A file of twenty men had been drawn up, and stood, dark, silent, and stern, opposite an open space, in which, their coats off, their hands bound, the two victims were already kneeling, in readiness to receive the fatal discharge. The troops were drawn up around on either side; a dead silence reigned, undisturbed but by the occasional clanking of a sword or a musket as a soldier stirred. A light sufficiently clear to render all visible was thrown over the scene by torches, held at intervals by hard, unmoving hands, beside which might be seen, in a stronger glare, the sad and sometimes fierce countenances of those who held them.

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#### DEW-DROPS.

CHILDREN of the radiant morning,  
Hill and heath and bank adorning,  
Ere the sun's first beams arise,  
Greeting mortals from the skies;  
Linger yet, and tell to me  
Whence ye come, and what ye be?



Are ye bright and costly gems,  
Such as gleam in diadems,  
Dropp'd a moment in our way,  
But a moment doom'd to stay?  
Nay, ye are not earthly, sure!  
Earth has nought so bright and pure.

Are ye yet more precious stones,  
Fall'n from unseen fairy zones,  
And, upon the first hot ray,  
Back to fairies borne away?  
Nay, ye vanish at the touch,  
Stones and diamonds are not such!

Are ye drops that angels pour  
In the golden-chaliced tower,  
For the passing sprite to sip,  
Fitting by with thirsty lip;  
As upon the earth was spread  
Manna, that was angels' bread?

Nay, ye are a fairer prize,  
Tears from pitying angels' eyes,  
As from heaven's blue vault they scan  
All the toils and woes of man;  
Sin and sorrow, each in turn,  
Well for these may angels mourn!

And ye linger many a morning,  
For a brief but solemn warning;  
Then, neglected and despoiled  
Favours that should most be prized,  
Hasten to the fount of love,  
Fit alone to shine above!

E. M.

### MR. PERCIVAL JENKS AND HIS BLIGHTED ATTACHMENT.

(Concluded from page 215.)

LOVERS are an extraordinary set of people. When they are absent from the adored object, they think of nothing else: they indulge in long imaginary conversations, and receive all sorts of delightful ideal replies in return; and yet the minute they come into contact, (provided of course that they are not regularly engaged, which diminishes a great deal of their romance,) they stand sidling about, as silent as a back street on a wet Sunday, hazarding a few very commonplace remarks; and directly they have parted, loading themselves with self-reproaches for what they might have said. Thus it proved with Mr. Percival Jenks. The instant that he found himself near the idol of his affections—so near that the silver-bound flounce of her white muslin dress touched his long red stockings—he appeared deprived of utterance, and remained in one fixed position, gazing very devotedly at the green wreath. And he was slightly annoyed at one circumstance: the lady, on her side, took no notice of him; although he was sure she must often have observed him applaud her amongst the ten or twelve hundred other auditors. She never even turned her eyes towards him, but appeared to be directing all her attention to the performance of certain positions and attitudes, with no other object that he could perceive than the amusement of a tipsy scene-shifter, who was half asleep inside the Sonnambula mill-wheel. He thought upon a dozen various methods to

commence a dialogue with her, and abandoned them all in turn; some being too reserved, others too familiar, and the rest incapable of producing the impression he wished to make at first starting. At last, he thought he would place himself directly opposite to her, and smile very blandly.

"Now, sir! I'll trouble you to move," said another scene-shifter, who was carrying a side-scene for the next act, which looked to Percival like a large clothes-horse covered with dirty canvas, and to the audience like the massy stone buttress of a prison.

This was very annoying, for Mr. Jenks had that instant attracted the attention of the *danseuse*—at least, he thought he had. Before he could recover his position, the whole troop of young ladies went chattering and laughing up a steep flight of stairs to their dressing-rooms, because the peasant girls of one scene had to go on as water-nymphs in another, and a consequent change of apparel was requisite. Like the brave old oak, Percival found himself "left in his pride alone," and he retreated, in melancholy and disappointed humour, to join his friend, and receive instructions as to what he was to do next when the act began.

In a short time, the curtain once more rose upon the wonders of the ballet, and the nymphs of the Danube again appeared upon the stage. Percival could still distinguish the form of his beloved one amidst the throng of dancers; and when the gentleman in white tights ran about amongst the water-sprites as if in search of somebody, first catching hold of one and then of the other, and occasionally seizing Percival's adored one, he thought what a happy person the gentleman in such a case must be. All this time he was inventing a fine speech to make to the young lady when he had an opportunity of once more addressing her; and at last he composed one which he thought the *beau ideal* of gallantry. But, throughout the performance he never could contrive to get near her. When he was off the stage, the loved object was, in company with the other attendant sprites, delighting the audience close up to the front lamps; and yet, whenever he was on the scene, bowing to the Baron, he could see the fair one spinning and bounding about in the side-scenes, like a top that had taken too much. Now she was playfully endeavouring to place her sandal on the top of a scene-shifter's head; now she was jumping over the rain, or seeing how high she could touch the thunder; and now—could it really be, that she was drinking something out of a pint pot! No! impossible; she was merely practising how she should hold the silver goblet in a future scene. At least, this was the object of the performance that Percival, in the kindness

of affection, ascribed to her. Whether he was right or not we will not pretend to say.

At last, the ballet concluded, and everybody that had been concerned in it retired to divest themselves of their gaudy apparel, and once more descend to the costume of common mortals. In company with the others, Percival retreated to the dressing-room, and hurriedly proceeded to skin off—for they were very tight—his garments of nobility, in the hope that he might gain the stage-door before the lady of his heart left. But again his evil genius was against him. The *danseuse* had promised to execute a *pas seul* that evening for the benefit of a friend at a musical tavern in the neighbourhood, where there was a sixpenny concert every night, and accordingly had left the theatre in a patent cab the instant the curtain fell. Ignorant of this, Mr. Jenks waited everybody out of the house, until the watchman himself came to close the door; then he tore himself away, having first made an appointment with his new friend to attend the rehearsal the next morning, when, if he got through his duties tolerably well, an indistinct hint was held out of twelve shillings a week salary, to be paid by instalments, when he could get them.

Our ideas of external objects, good or bad, are intimately connected with the frame of mind we chance to be in when we notice them. Percival was in a very ill-humour, and he allowed it to throw a gloomy mantle over everything that came in his way. What business had the people with ham sandwiches and boiled feet to bother him with their importunities to purchase! The very baked-potato men followed him with their rubbish, and the cabmen appeared more than ever obtrusively inquisitive, interrupting his chain of thoughts every minute with their hails. When he got home, he found fault with the keyhole of the street-door: next he quarrelled with every bolt in succession, as he fastened it after him, finishing by bestowing a look of profound contempt upon the chain; and when he reached his bed-room he was so displeased with the window-blinds, bed-furniture, looking-glass, and snuffers, that it is a wonder how he had contrived to live there so long under such an accumulation of domestic grievances. Perhaps the looking-glass was most deserving of his ire. It was a swing one, and, like all its species, persisted obstinately in tumbling forwards the instant you went to look in it. Once it could be fixed by turning round the knobs at the side, but that was at a period long passed away; and now the only plan to ensure its services was to wedge it immovably with the handle of the hair-brush against one of its pillars. Having accomplished this, Mr. Jenks proceeded to divest himself

of the rouge that still adorned his cheeks; and then getting into bed, fairly moped himself to sleep, when he dreamed that all his fairest wishes were accomplished—a melancholy delusion that haunts our slumbers whenever the really desired object is most remote from being fulfilled, as if the painful reality of waking to gloom and sorrow was meant to prove how little worth are the wanderings of fancy and imagination against the hard truths which life is constantly teaching us.

His excuse for absence from his "house in the city" the next morning was easily anticipated. And a glorious one it was—one that has put off more parties than any other, where the expense began to frighten the givers; one that has declined more invitations than any other, where the society was not too much admired; one that has thrown up unwelcome visits, broken unpleasant appointments, shirked long-winded intruders; in fact, one that has served everybody at all times—the universal, escapeless, convenient influenza. This amiable malady answered every purpose Mr. Jenks desired. His employer, who expected some people for money, was laid up with the same complaint, and therefore he could not grumble at his clerk for having it. Besides, he had been at a party the night before, where the hostess had met with fifty refusals that morning. It is true, that the children in the house had been ill with the scarlet fever since the invitations first went out and were accepted, but this could not have been the reason. It certainly was very generally prevalent indeed. Accordingly, Percival took unto himself a holiday; and, punctual to his agreement, met his theatrical friend as he had appointed, when they both went together to the rehearsal.

If there is a truly forlorn and deplorable spectacle in the world, next to a bachelor's room the morning after a convivial party, it is the interior of a theatre by daylight; when the cold light streams in from numerous small windows and apertures over the galleries and chandeliers, revealing the tawdry decorations of the house in all their poverty. And very cheerless indeed did the playhouse look when Percival entered, the whole of its vast area of pit, boxes, and gallery, being totally deserted, except by a few remote and indistinct forms, who were knocking brooms about amongst the benches, and sweeping up all the orange-peel, nutshells, torn playbills, and odd gloves, that the audience of the preceding evening had left behind them. The gentlemen of the orchestra were performing some pieces of music that awakened loud echo in the comparatively empty building, and small knots of ill-dressed people, the majority of whom appeared to revel in second-hand editions of cast-off fashions, were collected

about in different situations, hurriedly gabbling over the dialogue which was to delight the evening's audience. At one of the wings, a crowd of noisy girls had collected, who appeared to set little value upon the frequent and authoritative commands for silence that were launched against them. It was amongst these Percival made sure of finding his fair one; and if one voice more soft, one laugh more silvery, than the others, rose above the general clatter, he made sure it was hers. He would have gone over to them; but not knowing how far stage etiquette allowed such a proceeding during a rehearsal, he kept in his place, and contented himself by putting a few interrogatories to his companion.

"Do you know the young lady," he inquired, "who dances in the ballet, with a green wreath round her head?"

"And a gilt belt round her waist?" asked the friend in turn.

"The same. Who is she?" eagerly demanded Percival.

"Oh—it's Miss—Miss—I shall forget my own name next."

Percival was about to suggest *Rosière*, *Celeste*, *Amadée*, and some other pretty cognomens, when his companion caught the name, and exclaimed,

"Miss Jukes. I thought I should recollect it."

The name certainly was not what Percival had expected: still, what was in a name?—"Jenks" was not very poetical, and the other was something like it.

"Could you favour me with an introduction to her?" he asked.

"In a minute, if you wish it," returned his companion.

"You know her intimately, then?"

"Very. I buy all my greengrocery of her."

He bought all his greengrocery of her! She was mortal, then, and kept a shop. In a state of semi-bewilderment, Percival crossed the stage with his friend towards where the dancers stood. He heard her called by her name; she turned, and they were introduced.

Gracious powers! how a minute broke the enchantment of many weeks. The nymph of the Danube was habited in a faded green cloak, and an old straw bonnet, with limp and half-bleached pink ribbons clinging to its form. Her pallid and almost doughy face was deeply pitted with the small-pox; her skin was rough, from the constant layers of red and white paint it had to endure; her hair was twisted up into two paper screws on her forehead; and her nails, which appeared at the ends of her worn-out gloves, almost tempted Percival to ask himself, in the words of a celebrated national poet, "Did you ever behold such a little black sow?" Moreover, she had evi-

dently been indulging in a meal from an edible root that nobody ever thinks of touching if they are going to an evening party afterwards.

And this, then, was the object of his affection! Had his love so blinded him that he never allowed for the advantages of light, dress, and distance? He fell back with a convulsive start, and, darting from his companion, rushed out of the theatre in the most frenzied manner possible, and hurried home; where, on gaining what he termed the solitude of his own chamber, he hid his head under the bed-clothes, and moaned grievously for half an hour, until the lodgers, thinking he must be seriously ill, assembled in a body on the landing, and recalled him to his senses by breaking in the door.

It was his first love, and his last. The illusion had been too harshly broken for him ever to fall into the same error again. He put all womankind down as ballet-girls, and he invested them all with the same deceptive beauty. The theatre lost all its charms for him: he felt he saw everything through a false medium; and, mistrusting the rosy cheeks, white arms, and long dark tresses of the *coryphées*, he only pictured them as he would fain believe they appeared at a morning rehearsal.

#### MORAL.

Young gentlemen! if you are particularly struck with any young lady whom you may meet in society, think of Mr. Jenks, and do not believe she is always as attractive as she appears at a time when her sole aim may be to seem pleasant and agreeable. Remember, that the following morning she may be as altered as a *cottage ornée*—which you have only seen before during the summer—appears on Christmas day; in fact, that there is an extreme difference between night and morning in the appearance of a beauty—an assertion, to the truth of which those who have seen the lady passengers of a night coach or French diligence turn out to breakfast, can fully testify. Trust rather to the mind than to the face; and if you are in a hurry to propose, ask yourself candidly whether you think the same impression would have been made had you been born blind. There is a theatrical medium in the great world, as well as in a playhouse, through which alone we view its most agreeable scenes. This will flatter and disguise all objects for a time, but sooner or later you will find them out, and learn the conclusion, that infatuation or enthusiasm are delightful passions in their way, until you are admitted by experience *behind the scenes*.

ALBERT.



## APRIL SHOWERS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

## APRIL SHOWERS

Bring forth May flowers.

"Tommy, will you cease that roar!  
You really are the worst of boys;  
I tell, you, sir, cry as you may,  
You shall *not* have your sister's toys.  
There—there again! that horrid screech!  
My head's distracted with your squalls;  
Oh dear, oh dear! well, here they are—  
Dolls, horses, tops, tectotums, balls."

## April showers

Bring forth May flowers.

"Dear Mrs. O.—my love!—don't weep!  
For what I said of satin cloaks,  
From milliners in Regent-street,  
Being only fit for topping foiks,  
Was really, dear, not meant for you;  
For, as you say, like other women  
I'd wish to see you dress'd. There, love,  
There's for the cloak—and there the  
trimming."

## April showers

Bring forth May flowers.

"Dear uncle, oh forgive my faults!  
'Tis all I ask to ease my fears;  
One look of love before you die:  
One word of peace to dry these tears."  
"Well, well, don't snuffle so, and cry,  
Prithce—oh dear!—d'y'e hear?—there, there,  
Burn, burn the will—you are forgiven.  
Farewell!—again—you are—sole—heir."

## April showers

Bring forth May flowers.

## DUELLING.

THE rise of the present Duel, or practice of Duelling, has been satisfactorily traced to the Trial by Battle, which obtained in early ages, jointly with the single combat, or tournament of chivalry, which again, most probably, owed its own existence to the early Trial by Battle. The common opinion is, that this judicial combat was introduced into this country by the Normans: by some writers, however, it is thought to have been a Saxon as well as Norman mode of trial, though in less repute among our Saxon ancestors than among their Norman invaders. Though this opinion seems fairly tenable, yet the proofs in its support are not as full as might be wished. Sir William Dugdale, indeed, after Olaus Wormius, states that the judicial combat prevailed among the Anglo-Saxons till abolished by the Danes. (*Orig. Judic.* 77.) Perhaps, on such a point, the authority of Olaus Wormius may be deemed questionable; but it certainly seems that the practice, if it ever existed among the Saxons, had nearly disappeared before the period of the Conquest. "Yet, it is difficult to concur in the feelings with which some authors weep over the suppression of the *Saxon trial by jury*, and the establishment of the *Norman trial by combat*. The rude elements of our jury-trials certainly appear to have been derived from the Saxons; but it has required centuries to elaborate them into the form they have now

taken. The Saxon trial by jury, if it may be so called, was an useful, but very simple and imperfect, contrivance; and, when we consider that the various ordeals by fire, by water, by hot iron, by the cross, and by the *corse*, or morsel of execration, were at least as purely and properly Saxon modes of trial, as the use of a jury, we may the less lament that the subjects of the Harefoots and the Ironsides should have been compelled to adopt the more glorious ordeal of arms. 'These indisputable monuments of our ancient rudeness,' says Burke, in his admirable *Abridgment of English History*, speaking of the Saxon laws, 'are a very sufficient confutation of the panegyric declamations, in which some persons would persuade us that the crude institutions of an unlettered people had attained an height, which the united efforts of necessity, learning, inquiry, and experience, can hardly reach to in any ages.' (Book ii. ch. 7.)\*

The courts of criminal jurisdiction in which Trial by Battle was admitted, were, the King's Bench, the Court of Chivalry, and (in earlier periods of our legal history) the High Court of Parliament. The order of proceeding in an appeal of murder was briefly as follows:—The appellant formally challenged the *appellee* with the offence; the latter distinctly denied his guilt, and declared himself ready to prove his innocence by a personal combat. If the appellant accepted the challenge, and took up the glove, both parties were put to their oaths, in which the guilt of the accused was solemnly asserted on one side, and denied on the other. A day was then appointed for the combat; and the lists were prepared, by inclosing a piece of ground, sixty feet square, the sides being due north, south, east and west. Places just within the lists were provided for the judges, and also for the bar. On the day fixed, the court was, at sunrise,† to proceed from the spot to Westminster Hall, the judges being in their full robes; and when they were seated, proclamation was made for the combatants, who appeared, with bare heads, arms, and legs, each led by a person carrying his baton of an ell long, tipped with horn, and preceded by another, carrying his target made of double leather, and square. Each, on entering the lists, made *congées* to the several judges present; and, before they engaged, they respectively took an oath against witchcraft and sorcery. And then, after proclamation of silence, under pain of imprisonment for a year and a day, the combat began, and continued, unless either party yielded or was vanquished, till the stars appeared in the evening. If the defendant

\* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii. p. 186.

† In a case in Dyer, however, the judges are said to have repaired to the spot "*circa horum decimanam*."—Dyer, 301. Ten was also the hour in the Durham duel, 1638.

was vanquished, sentence was passed upon him, and he was forthwith hanged. But, if he was victorious, or was able to persist in the combat till starlight, or if the appellant voluntarily yielded, and cried *craven*, then the defendant was acquitted of the charge; and the appellant was not only compelled to pay damages to the accused, but was further subjected to very heavy civil penalties and disabilities.

"The many absurdities of this ceremonial do not require to be particularly pointed out. Yet, it seems perfectly conceivable that, in rude and superstitious times, the force of conscience might often make the proceeding efficacious in the detection of crime. Some author remarks that, probably, the ordeal of the *corsned* (which was a morsel of bread taken by a person accused, with a solemn imprecation that it might choke him if guilty) seldom proved fatal.\* On the contrary, we are persuaded that, to the guilty, it frequently proved fatal. Fear alone greatly affects the organs of deglutition; much more would a guilty fear, immediately directed to the imminent danger of not performing the act, operate in the same manner. The judicial combat was, probably, of still superior efficacy. On the one hand, conscience would make a coward of the criminal; and, on the other, the accuser would seldom subject himself to the hazard of an equal battle, unless he were animated, by revenge or enthusiasm, to such a pitch of determination as seldom fails to verify its own auguries.

\* Akin to this custom is the popular superstition, that the wounds of a murdered body will "bleed afresh" when touched by the murderer. Shakspeare thus refers to this practice in *Richard III.*, act 1., scene 2:

"Dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congealed mouths, and bleed afresh!"

Drayton states the superstition as follows:  
"If the vile actors of the heinous deed  
Near the dead body happily be brought,  
Oft 't hath been proved the breathless corpse  
will bleed."

"In the very interesting collection of *English Causes Célèbres*, edited and illustrated with equal spirit and accuracy by Mr. Craik, the belief is shewn to have been so universally established in Scotland as late as 1666, that the crown council, Sir George Mackenzie, in the remarkable trial of Philip Standfield, thus alludes to a fact sworn to by several witnesses on that trial:—"God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produce. That divine power which makes the blood circulate during life, has oftentimes, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case; for, after all the wounds had been sewed up, and the body designedly shaken up and down,—and, which is most wonderful, after the body had been buried for several days, which naturally occasions the blood to congeal,—upon Philip's touching it, the blood darted and sprung out, to the great astonishment of the chirurgians themselves, who were desired to watch this event; whereupon Philip, astonished more than they, threw down the body, crying, 'O God! O God! and cleansing his hand, grew so faint that they were forced to give him a cordial.'"  
—*Pictorial Shakspeare*.

"Agreeably to this idea, stories are handed down of the conviction of criminals, through the means of battle, by antagonists far inferior to them in strength or expertness. The most curious, probably, on record, is one cited from the *Mémoires sur les Duels*, in Montfaucon's *Antiquités de la Monarchie Française*, vol. iii. p. 69. The same incident is related in St. Pelaye's and Colombin's works on Chivalry; and an engraving of it, from an ancient representation in the castle of Montargis, is given by Mr. Johnes, in the supplementary volume to his translation of Monstrelet. The theatres also, both of Paris and London, have, of late years, exhibited pieces founded upon it."† The incident here referred to is the popular story of 'The Forest of Bondy; or, the Dog of Montargis.'‡

Some of the details of this singular mode of trial, as reported by contemporary writers, are very ludicrous. Such is the whimsical combat between Horner and Peter, in the second part of Shakspeare's Henry VI., the picturesque story of which the poet found thus briefly told in Holinshed: "A certain armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his own; for proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, inasmuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain, but yet by misgoverning of himself; for, on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith dis-tempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tyburn." This incident, as related with variations, by Shakspeare, in all probability, presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a trial by battle.§ "In this remarkable case of the battle between the armourer and his servant, some very curious particulars, not detailed by the chroniclers, have been found in the original precepts to the sheriffs, and the return of the expenses on the occasion, both of which are preserved in the Exchequer. The names of the combatants were, John Daveys and

\* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii. p. 188.

† The story of the Dog of Montargis, quoted from Mr. Thoms's *Lays and Legends of France*, will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. xxiv. p. 182.

‡ A circumstance may here be mentioned as favouring the idea of the trial by battle being of Anglo-Saxon origin. The oath, whether of Norman importation or not, would have exactly suited the Anglo-Saxons, among whom, as Dr. Henry observes, "an oath was not to be administered to any person, unless he was perfectly sober, and even fasting." But why then does Shakspeare describe the combatants as drinking to excess before they enter the lists? Or rather, whence came such an occurrence to take place?

William Catour. The barriers, it appears, were brought from Smithfield to Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewed with rushes. The return of the expenses contains the following item: 'Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smythfelde ye same day and ye nyghte aftr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execution doying, and for ye hangman's labor, xjs. 6d.' The hangman's labour was subsequent to the battle. All the historians agree that the armourer was slain by his servant; but the ceremonies attending the punishment of a traitor were gone through with the dead body."—(See Douce's *Illustrations*.)

In these battles the combatants were allowed to be attended within the lists by counsel, and a surgeon with his ointments. In the reign of Charles I., Lord Rea, on a similar occasion, was indulged with a seat and wine for refreshment; and was further permitted to avail himself of such valuable auxiliaries as *nails, hammers, files, scissors, bodkin, needle and thread*. (See Rushworth's *Collections*, cited in Barrington's *Observations*, p. 328.) We also learn from the *Close Rolls*, recently published, that parties under confinement preparatory to the trial were allowed to go out of custody for the purpose of practising or taking lessons in fencing. (See Mr. Hardy's *Introduction*, p. 185.) One of the most popular illustrations of this judicial duel upon a criminal accusation is, however, that introduced by Sir Walter Scott into his beautiful romance of *Ivanhoe*.

On the last occasion but one, when *Wager by Battel* was allowed in Westminster Hall, Sir Henry Spelman informs us that the circumstance created no small degree of perturbation among the gentlemen of the long robe. The battel was instituted, he says, "*non sine magnâ jurisconsultorum perturbatione*." In that case, however, the question related only to a civil fight: the parties interested were not to fight in person, but by their champions; and the dispute having been, in fact, compromised before the day of battle, the champions met only as a matter of form.

A more remarkable instance, however, presented itself in the year 1818, when the law was fully discussed in the Court of King's Bench, in the case of *Ashford v. Thornton*. Upon that occasion, the defendant had been acquitted upon a prior indictment for the murder of a female. The acquittal of the accused upon evidence which appeared to many sufficient to establish his guilt, occasioned great dissatisfaction; and the brother and next heir of the deceased was, accordingly, advised to bring the matter again under the consideration of a jury.

\* King Henry VI., Part 2. Illustrations of Act II. *Pictorial Shakespeare*.

by the disused practice of an appeal. The defendant waged his battle in the manner above described, and the appellant replied circumstances of such strong and pregnant suspicion as (it was contended) precluded the defendant from asserting his innocence by battle. It was, however, decided by the court that an appeal being, in its origin and nature, a hostile challenge, gave to the appellee a right to insist upon fighting, and that the appellant could not deprive him of that right by a mere allegation of suspicious circumstances. The case had proceeded thus far, when the legal antiquaries were disappointed of the rare spectacle of a judicial duel, by the voluntary abandonment of the prosecution. A writer of the time observed: "Should the duel take place, it will be indeed a singular sight to behold the present venerable and learned judges of the Court of King's Bench, clothed in their full costume, sitting all day long in the open air in Tothill-fields, as the umpires of a match at single-stick. Nor will a less surprising spectacle be furnished by the learned persons who are to appear as the counsel of the combatants, and who, as soon as the ring is formed, will have to accompany their clients within the lists, and to stand, like so many seconds and bottle-holders, beside a pair of bare-legged, bare-armed, and bare-headed cudgellists."\*

The subject, ludicrous as it seemed, was one of considerable seriousness and importance. The reflection that in the nineteenth century a human life might be sacrificed to a practice which might have been conceived too absurd, impious, and cruel, to have outlived the dark ages, could not be entertained without pain. In the following year, however, this barbarous absurdity was nullified by an act (59 Geo. III. ch. 46) abolishing all criminal appeals and trial by battle in all cases, both civil and criminal, and thus purifying the law of England from a blot which time and civilization had strangely failed to wear away.

## THE SONG OF YOUTH.

Nor where sighs and tears assail me,  
Not where haggard crime may roam,  
Not where poverty is sighing,  
Hungry, and without a home;  
Not to sorrow's gloomy dwelling,  
Not unto the courts of woe,  
But to palaces of pleasure,  
Light of heart and foot I go—  
Onward, onward, ever, ever,  
Ever beautiful and gay,  
Onward, onward, joy pursuing,  
Goeth Youth upon his way.

All is sunshine that awaits me,  
Bright and fair is all to view;  
Flowers of a sweet creation  
Everywhere my path beset:

\* Quarterly Review, vol. xviii. p. 178.

Ever smiling, care beguiling,  
 Health is glowing on my cheek;  
 Hearts that lighten, eyes that brighten,  
 Quickly my approaching speak.  
 Onward, onward, ever, ever,  
 Ever beautiful and gay;  
 Onward, onward, joy pursuing,  
 Goeth Youth upon his way.  
 H. G.

### TEARS.

When youth's light heart is probed by fears,  
 Then trickling downward come the Tears;  
 Those Tears are like the dew that gem,  
 As with a crystal diadem,  
 The half-blown buds and petal flowers,  
 At break of morning's rosy hours;  
 Till, like a sunbeam, Hope's bright ray  
 Dries the sorrowing Tears away.  
 W. W.

### New Books.

*Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland.* By Mrs. Bray.

[We resume our extracts, from p. 138:]

#### *Gibbon's Home at Lausanne.*

At Lausanne we took up our quarters at the Hotel de Gibbon—a new-built and splendid house, by far the most agreeably situated in all the place. It commands an uninterrupted view of the lake and the opposite mountains. The person who built it purchased the house and garden, that had been so long in the possession of the celebrated historian. Part of the house has been taken down in order to complete the hotel, which stands principally on the site of the old garden. Some of Gibbons's acacias and lime-trees still remain; and a delightful terrace, at the back of the building, affords the most complete and pleasing view of the waters and the surrounding country.

[The following is a clever piece of criticism, in which, we know, many artists will coincide. How vividly does it remind us of poor Charles Mathews's quip, "We are always making too much of a thing:"]

#### *The Rhine overrated.*

What I have to say about the Rhine will not be much, nor at all according to the usual strain of panegyric; for though the scenes of that mighty river were unquestionably fine in parts, yet, as a whole, it greatly disappointed us. My criticism on the Rhine will be given in a few sentences.

First, then, although the banks are in many places of vast height, yet are they generally too sloping to produce a striking effect. There are very few precipitous rocks, and none of those are of the fine forms and colour of our Morwel rocks in Devon, which are not half so high. Indeed, one great defect in the rock scenery of the Rhine is its want of good colour. There is

in it little of variety, and still less of richness—no woods on the sides of the eminences above the mighty river, but a never-ending succession of low, stunted, unpicturesque vineyards; and these rendered more disagreeable to the eye by an additional formality—that of walls to divide or bank them up. The earth, we were informed, having in very many places been brought to the spot, to make a bed of soil for the vineyards, needs such support, or it would fall down the slopes of the eminences.

Then the castles so much talked of:—with a few exceptions, they are generally nothing more than plain walls, and as plain towers. Many have not even a battlement upon them; yet I am perfectly willing to admit that some few of these buildings have great beauty, and that, standing aloft on heights and crowning promontories, they give an importance to the rocks as they are seen from the river beneath, which they would not possess without them. The Gothic walled towns and villages that stand low on the banks of the Rhine are, generally speaking, of much greater interest and beauty than most of the old castles. One solitary battlemented tower, standing near a most picturesque town of this description (which tower, I think, has been drawn by Stanfield, and published in one of the annuals), we thought most beautiful in itself and in its position. Another castle, peering aloft on a portion of projecting rock, was (though a miniature resemblance) somewhat like Falkenstein: this we also greatly admired. But the finest of the whole, and by far the most striking scene on the Rhine, is where the lofty heights and the castle of the Drachenfels come into view. This does, indeed, deserve its fame. Lord Byron's feeling for every majestic object in nature made him at once select this as a subject for his poetic praise. Everybody has quoted his lines on the Drachenfels, so I will not give them for the thousandth time in this letter. I have only to add, respecting the castles of the Rhine, that though Ehrenbreitstein, I am assured (by those whose taste and judgment I cannot doubt), looks well when you survey it from the heights by which it is surrounded, yet seen from the river it has not a picturesque appearance. It is like nothing more nor less than a strong-walled modern fortification of great extent, situated on a barren height. If any part of it is ancient, it did not look so as we saw it from the steamer. I had heard so much about the beauty of Ehrenbreitstein, that I confess the sight I had of it was the greatest disappointment of the kind I had ever experienced.

[We need scarcely reiterate our commendation of these amusing volumes to all readers of healthy tastes, as well as those with vitiated judgments.]

*Night and Morning.* By the Author of *Rienzi*, Eugene Aram, &c.

[We return to this attractive work for a few more of its "wise saws and modern instances."]

*A Dare-devil.*—He was the incarnation of that great spirit which the laws of the world raise up against the world, and by which the world's injustice, on a large scale, is awfully chastised. On a small scale, merely nibbled at, and harassed, as the rat that gnaws the hoof of the elephant: the spirit which, on a vast theatre, rises up gigantic and sublime, in the heroes of war and revolution—in Mirabeau, Marat, Napoleon; on a minor stage, it shews itself in demagogues, fanatical philosophers, and mob-writers.

*Dark Secrets.*—There are stronger ties than affection, that bind men like galley-slaves together. He who can hang another, puts the halter round his neck, and leads him by it like a dog.

*Crime.*—There are certain years in which, in a civilized country, some particular crime comes into vogue. It flares its season, and then burns out. Thus, at one time, we have burking—at another, swingism—now, suicide is in vogue—now, poisoning tradespeople in apple-dumplings—now, little boys stab each other with penknives—now, common soldiers shoot at their sergeants. Almost every year, there is some crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual which overruns the country, but does not bloom again.

*Courage.*—It is a popular error to suppose that courage means courage in everything. Put a hero on board ship at a five-barred gate, and if he is not used to hunting, he will turn pale. Put a fox-hunter on one of the Swiss chasms, over which the mountaineer springs like a roe, and his knees will knock under him. People are brave in the dangers to which they accustom themselves, either in imagination or practice.

*Ill-judged Mercy* falls not like dew, but like a great heap of manure on the rank deed.

*French Coiners.*—Their coinage was so good, so superior to all their rivals, that it was often unconsciously preferred by the public to the real mintage.

*Prosperity.*—All that are bestowed by elegance of dress, the refinements of luxurious habit, the nameless grace that comes from a mind and a manner polished, the one by literary culture, the other by social intercourse, invested the person of the heir with a fascination that rude nature alone ever fails to give. And about him, there was a gaiety, an airiness of spirit, an atmosphere of enjoyment, which bespoke one who is in love with life. He spoke with that silver-ringing tone and charming smile which are to the happy spring of man what its music and its sunshine are to the spring of earth.

*The Palais Royal.*—That glittering microcosm of the vices, the frivolities, the hollow show, and the real beggary of the gay city—the gardens and the galleries of the Palais Royal.

*The Murderer.*—The last seal on the fate of the man of crime was set; the last wave in the terrible and mysterious tide of his destiny had dashed on his soul to the shore whence there is no return. Vain, now and henceforth, the humour, the sentiment, the kindly impulse, the social instinct which had invested that stalwart shape with dangerous fascination, which had implied the hope of ultimate repentance, of redemption even in this world. The hour and the circumstance have seized their prey; and the self-defence, which a lawless career rendered a necessity, left the eternal dye of blood upon his doom!

*Love and Idleness.*—People who are much occupied do not fall in love easily. \* \* Extreme want, if long continued, eats up love when it has nothing else to eat.

*The Mother's Grave.*—Often, as, morn and eve, he looked forth upon the spot where his mother's heart, unconscious of love and woe, mouldered away, the indignant and bitter feelings of the wronged outcast and the son who could not clear the mother's name, swept away the subdued and gentle melancholy into which time usually softens regret for the dead, and with which most of us think of the distant past and the once joyous childhood!

*Beautiful Comparison.*—As the diver, in Schiller's exquisite ballad, fastened in the midst of the gloomy sea upon the rock of coral; so we cling the more gratefully to whatever of fair thought and gentle shelter smiles out to us in the depths of hate and strife.

*Idiotcy.*—It might almost have seemed as if that restless disorder of the intellect, which the dullards had called idiotcy, had been the wild efforts, not of folly, but of genius seeking to find its path and outlet from the cold and dreary solitude to which the circumstances of early life had compelled it.

*A Sensualist.*—One of the broken pieces of that great looking-glass "self."

## Public Exhibitions.

### THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

On Saturday last, we participated in a private view of this elaborate and effective Exhibition; and we are happy to report that the pictures fully sustain the pre-eminent reputation which the establishment has enjoyed from the first. The scenes represented are, *The Shrine of the Nativity, at Bethlehem*; and, *The Interior of the Cathedral of Auch, near Thoulouse*; both painted by M. Renoux.



*The Shrines of the Nativity* is from one of Mr. David Roberts's exquisite sketches, exhibited by Mr. Moon during the past year; and made by the artist during his recent tour in Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, and Syria. The Shrine is exhibited under two distinct effects: the first as it is usually seen, with the lamps, which burn night and day, over the manger, and round the star under the altar. The second effect is the celebration of Midnight Mass by the Franciscan Monks, in the church built over the shrine or stable. The whole scene is admirably painted; and the dioramic effects are so exquisitely managed as to remind us of the truth of Light being a painter. The rich, dark tone of the picture is beautifully relieved by such of the lustre of the massive gold and silver lamps and candelabra as the smoke has spared; whilst the flames twinkle in, and assume the brilliancy of ever-burning brightness. It is scarcely possible to point to a site of scriptural antiquity and import commensurate with that of the Shrine of the Nativity, which has been well authenticated by travellers in the Holy Land; and the sacred interest of the scene will, doubtless, induce thousands to witness this Exhibition, who are unaccustomed to patronise what may, in comparison, be termed secular sights. Mr. Burford's Panoramas of Jerusalem, we know, enjoyed this double attractiveness—for the seriously disposed, and the admirers of the pictorial art, generally; and the same artist's picture of Damascus is now fast gaining similar popularity.

The second scene at the Diorama, *The Cathedral of Auch*, sixteen leagues from Thoulouse, thirty-seven from Bordeaux, and one hundred and sixty from Paris, presents a fine specimen of middle-age architecture: indeed, this church is regarded as one of the finest religious edifices of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and may be looked upon as an historical museum of the arts during this period, and up to about the end of the seventeenth century. It was endowed by the Kings of France, Aragon and Navarre, and by the Counts of Fezenac and Armagnac: it was formerly rich in relics and statues of precious metals, which the rapacity of past ages has not spared to our own times. The edifice is built with the rich, brown freestone, called *tufa*, which is beautifully cut and joined together. The style is that of the commencement of the fifteenth century, termed "Florid Pointed," or "Perpendicular," which marks the epoch of the revival of the arts in Europe. The building is in the form of a Latin cross: the arched roof is supported by forty pillars, ranged in four rows, which divide the church into three naves and collateral chapels; these pillars are exquisitely light, and the interlacing of the arches is admirably managed.

Perhaps, the most popular attraction of this fine interior will be its windows, which are superb specimens of stained glass, executed between 1509 and 1513; at which period the superiority of the French artists was so well established in Europe, that the Pope Julius II., by the advice of Bramante, sent for Claude de Marseille and the monk William, to paint the windows of the Vatican, while Michael Angelo and Raphael were employed there on their admirable frescoes. "On considering attentively this splendid series of painting upon glass, we are compelled to own," says the Count Alexander Delaborde, in his excellent work upon the Religious Monuments of France, "that for the taste of the design, the genius and general intent of the composition, they are nothing inferior to those executed by Perugino, Verrocchio, and Ghirlandai, the predecessors of Raphael." Each window is a picture of a great master, executed on glass, and the whole collection is considered the finest in the world. There are at Auch, twenty windows branching out into elegant frames, imitating the fibres of a leaf, or interstices representing the *fleur-de-lys*, the being filled with subjects from holy writ.

An interesting anecdote, of which Napoleon is the hero, is told relative to the *fleurs-de-lys*, which are remarked in some of the windows. At the time of his war with Spain, he passed through Auch, and, on visiting the Cathedral, he remarked that several of the windows were covered over; on his enquiring the reason of this, he learnt that they had been concealed because they bore the emblem of the ancient monarchy. "You have a very singular idea of me," exclaimed Napoleon: "It is with the Bourbons that I wage war, and not with the *fleur-de-lys*;" and he issued orders, accordingly, for their preservation.

At the extremities of the branch of the cross, are large openings of an ogive form, each of them divided into two compartments, by a pillar of a single stone, covered with sculpture, which supports a sort of architrave placed at a third of the whole height of the opening: above this are panes of glass and crown-work, of the same kind as that of the chapel-windows.

The choir is closed on all sides; but the exterior of the principal entrance, the *jubé*, or ambo, is the central attraction of the floor of the picture. It consists of dark marble Corinthian columns, supporting a crowned entablature: between the columns are framed slabs of red Italian marble, and above these, between the pedestals, are other slabs of the same marble. On the cornice of the door is a bas-relief, in white marble, of the four Evangelists; and above the entablature are four other statues of white marble. The figures in the picture are, artistically speaking, least to our taste: they aim at

embodying devotion and simplicity in some of their loveliest forms, in which they comparatively fail. It is, however, impossible to view these impersonations without being reminded of the impressive character of the Catholic religion, and its powerful effects upon the rudely-formed mind.

Each spectator will, doubtless, look for some of those bright or strongly-marked "diorama" bits which have so largely contributed to the popularity of this Exhibition; and he will not be disappointed. The picture of the Madonna, sloping from the foremost column, the broken stone-floor, and the distant, half-opened door, are of this class of characteristics, and will, in their turn, be admired. The naturally rich hue of the stone is heightened by the light streaming through the beautifully-stained windows: it is scarcely the "dim, religious light" of the poet; but is an effect of highly artificial finish and delicacy.

The poetry of these two sacred scenes is aided by Gray's grand machine-organ, on which is played, for the *Shrine*, Mozart's *Gloria*, in his Mass, No. 12; that for the *Cathedral* being the celebrated *Prayer of Moses*, by Rossini.

## THE LITERARY WORLD.—VII.

### THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

OUR notice of this month's Magazines must necessarily be brief; although their contents are unusually *melée*. At this period, "the season" of literature and art, as well as of fashion, we have so many claims upon our attention, that ubiquity were almost indispensable, even to a brief chronicle of the curiosities—the ever-changing forms—in the field of the every-day Kaleidoscope.

*Blackwood's Magazine* opens with the solidity of history—"Warren Hastings. I."—to which succeeds a guerilla tale of the Peninsular War. In the "Ten Thousand a Year" is an admirable satire on Election Committees. "The World of London" is the Proemium to *Ebony's* Lucubrations on the Metropolis, which must surely be ample scope for even Christopher's extravagance and gladiatorial wit.

The leading articles of the *Gentleman's Magazine* are, a paper on "Warburton's Literary Remains," full of clear and accomplished criticism; and an attempt to settle "the locality of Herne's Oak, in the Little Park at Windsor;" but the knot can hardly be considered as cut. By the way, how antiquaries deal in the extremes of credulity and doubt!

The *Monthly Magazine* still works hard at "the Relative Value of the Acted and Unacted Drama." Next we notice a very long review of Mr. White's New Trans-

lation of the New Testament; and an intelligent paper "on Modern Greece." But, where is the light artillery, of which stuff good Numbers are made?

*Fraser's Magazine* has a chapter of Reminiscences of Old Pall Mall, pleasantly anecdotic and gossiping. "The Confession of a Swindler" will have more readers than believers, though it is characteristically life-like. The Specimens of Leaders for the London Newspapers is "neither strong nor sweet." "The Second Chapter of Faustus and the Devil" is a readable *rechauffée*.

*Tait's Magazine* has embarked somewhat late in the day into Thieves' Literature, with "Flowers of Hemp—the Newgate Garland," and judging from this specimen we would reverse the proverb, and say, "better never than late." Tait has one of his usually clever analyses of new books—Combe's *Notes on the United States*. The Number, which deals largely in solids, closes with two letters, received by W. Howitt from his emigrant brother at Melbourne, New South Wales, complaining of defective government, &c.

In the *Colonial Magazine*, the most contemporary papers are on the Statue to the Marquess Wellesley; the Caroline Steam boat, (now, happily, a dead-letter,) and a sort of publisher's anticipation of Mr. Buckingham's Travels in the Eastern and Western World, which the indefatigable author is advertising at all points.

The *Dublin University Magazine* having reached its hundredth number discourses, in a Postscript thereon, in first-rate glee. "O'Malley" is continued. The Portrait is, Capt. Meadows Taylor, author of the Confessions of a Thug. In this Magazine is occasionally some interesting poetry, as the following:

### "Sonnet on the Anniversary of a Friend's Death.

As down between the banks of life I glide,  
From the first rill of lightly glancing years,  
On while the stream is nursed with blood and tears,

Past many an urn and tombstone on each side,  
Which first we traced in boyhood's turbid tide,  
Now stamp their image as the river clears,  
Deep in its breast one monument appears,  
Whose willows whisper—here a brother died.  
Oh, for one moment 'neath thy shade to think,  
And in the eddy of reflection see  
The friend of former years draw near the brink,  
And bend him o'er the waters mournfully.  
Behold! he stoops, as though his soul would drink—

But I sweep on in silence to the sea."

In *Bentley's Miscellany*, we say it advisedly, one of the most attractive papers is our Correspondent Albert's Account of his "Rencontre with the Brigands," in the autumn of last year, not an incident of which we suspect to be overstrained. But we must return to this gay *Miscellany* anon.

### The Gatherer.

**Cuttle-fish.**—A very large kind of Sepia is taken on the coast of Greece, principally by means of spearing; it is then laid on a stone, that all the mucus may run off. To prepare these fish for eating, they are generally spitted, with their long tentacles bound together, and roasted over coals, or steamed, and eaten with lemon-juice. They taste like crabs, but are not easy of digestion. They may be dried, and in that state are brought to market. The Greeks prize these polypti very much; and among the Romans they were considered a luxury; we, therefore, often see them pictured on the walls of their dining-rooms.—*Fiedler's Greece: Foreign Quarterly Review.*

**The celebrated Game of Death**, published at Lyons in 1538, is commonly ascribed to Hans Holbein, though upon doubtful authority, according to Mr. Jackson; as from the similarity of style to some well-known works of Hans Lützelbruger, he agrees with Von Mechel in placing them amongst the happiest efforts of that artist. This opinion seems to be rather borne out by the circumstance of the letters H. L. being on some of the cuts.

**The Chama gigas**, which exists in the Indian Sea, is capable of snapping cables, and performing other feats: its shell is of 500 pounds weight, and its flesh, 30lbs.

**Anchor.**—The ancients had wooden anchors, even in the time of Archimedes, for the largest ships. The great galley of Hiero had four wooden and eight iron anchors. The wooden stock, or transverse beam, was wholly wanting in ancient anchors: In the ship, on board which St. Paul was a prisoner, (described in the Acts,) the sailors dropped four anchors from the stern, which, however, opposed to modern usage, was undoubtedly the ancient method of letting fall the anchor at that period.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

**The Gannal Process.**—M. Gannal, by injecting 4lb. weight of saline mixture into the carotid artery of an ox, has succeeded in preserving the whole animal. M. Gannal has lately exhibited to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, legs of mutton preserved two years since by his process, and which were found to be perfectly sweet.

**Sir Humphry Davy.**—Professor Wagner, the successor of Blumenbach, notes:—"When I visited Davy's grave, this summer, (1839,) I found the inscription almost obliterated; it stands in need of repair; and, if I am not mistaken, Lady Davy has left a bequest for its preservation, the surplus of which should be given as prizes on scientific subjects, by which Sir Humphry's memory, it is true, is brought more livingly

before us than in monuments of stone or metal. And yet it excites, or, at least, it did excite in me, a melancholy feeling to witness the traces of decay in this fresh monument of human greatness, so recently departed."—*Foreign Quarterly Review.* It is, however, some consolation to find it stated in the same paragraph, that Sir H. Davy's *Memoirs and Solomon* have just been translated into German. By the way, some opulent Englishman, in passing through Geneva, might earn fame cheaply by restoring the tomb of the first chemical philosopher of his age. We have continually his name in our mouths, yet have strangely let his memory slip out of our hearts. Neither London nor Westminster possesses a monument to Davy!

**British Museum.**—Mr. Gilbertson's valuable collection of fossils, at Preston, Lancashire, have been secured to the nation, notwithstanding urgent applications for them from Paris and Vienna. They will shortly be deposited in the British Museum.—*Manchester Guardian.*

**Burns** is, at present, a great object of attraction to the German poets; no less than four translations having recently appeared. Notwithstanding the difficulty of the subject, many of the poems and songs are rendered in a manner worthy of the original.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

**The National Drama.**—The present state of the two national theatres is this: Drury Lane owes about 230,000*l.*; Covent-Garden, 256,496*l.* To pay five per cent. on the debts, Drury should let for 11,500*l.*, and Covent-Garden for 12,800*l.* per annum.—*Id.*

**Copyright in France.**—In the Chamber of Deputies, the Government article, fixing at fifty years the copyright of books, after the death of authors, and M. St. Herbet's amendment, limiting the period to twenty years, have both been rejected, and the term of thirty years has been adopted.

**The great Pyramid of Egypt** is usually stated to occupy an area equal to that of Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is found, however, that the former measures 764 feet on each side, whereas Lincoln's Inn Fields, although 821 feet on one side, is only 625 feet 6 inches on the other; so that the area of the pyramid is greater by many thousand square feet. The height of the great pyramid is 115 feet 9 inches greater than that of St. Paul's. The angle formed by the sides of the large pyramid is 51° 50'; by the others 51° and 52° 20'.—*Mr. Scoles's Analysis of Colonel Howard Vyse's recent Work.*

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